23.

The third Advice to A

PAINTER,

How to draw the EFFIGIES

OF THE

Whore of Rome.

Whose Character is Lively represented by a

BAD WOMAN.

IF you'l observe the Whore, as stript and strip'd,
Let Painter take Advice, with Pencel wip'd;
First Draw this Bloody Harlot, naked Born,
And thence grown up, unto a State Forlorn.
Next Draw her, in her best Attire and Dress,
Yet Charg'd with Crimes, that she'l ne'r Confess;
Observe her made the Subject of our Pen,
But after this, thy Pencel wipe agen
Thus Naked drawn, without her Golden Tire,
Will make you Blush, and yet with cold Desire;
To be concern'd with one so shameless grown,
That every Spark of Grace, is from her flown.

2. By Rapines, Slaughter and Murder (Heaven to win,)
As tho a Sacrifice (were we) for Papists sin:
When Artists Pencel's foul'd with such black Crimes,
(Is wip'd and dip'd again to draw the Lines
Of her Effigies, whom this State aspir'd
In Crimson Velvet, that the Whore acquir'd:)
The Effigies of a Strumpet, foul within,
You justly may discry the stinck of Sin:
Whom fair or foul, she may be call'd the Picture,
Ordain'd (by Pen) to make out her Conviction,
For thus contriving, how to cause a Slaughter,
So *Herod* like, to some that should come after.

3. Whence they are charged with the Crimes of Murther
Lately design'd, which makes its Cry go further
Than *Rome* it self, that cannot stop the Tide
Of Breach on Breach, by Inundations wide:
Because in favour she was grown with them,
Who of our Realm are both the Root and Stem.
Since now to palliate her Crime, is not the way,
Nor is there left a mean, but doth bewray
The falacy and pride of her grown high,
Because, danger of Ruine was so nigh
To us, whom once she thought so self-secure,
That all her base Designs we must endure.

4. Under fresh colour for the war, and strife
'Bout Features and Forms, to her that *Rome* calls Wife;
The Painter by Advice, his Skill imploy'd,
To pourtray the Effigies of a Bride:
Who thus being married to the scarlot Beast,
The Nuptials were confirm'd, a bloody Feast,
That she the Scarlot whore contriv'd, to make
In such a fatal hour, that did bespeak
Dispensing Bulls, and Pardons that were provided,
A scourge for those, she spurns from her back-slided:
That power claims, to change and quit of Facts,
The guiltless, or offenders 'gainst *Roms* Acts.

5. The Artist unadvis'd, a Picture drew,
Considering not at first, what might accrew;
While Colours unprepar'd, such Painter try'd
His Skill, about those works, could not abide
A burning Fire of, the angry Fates,
That every rash Attempt so cruelly hates;
In black and white where first such work begun,
To be set out in matter too home-spun:
Until on better thoughts a way prepar'd,
The Painter took advice (who then was cheer'd,
To see not all pains taken lost or spoyl'd;
Tho, he was there about most sorely foyl'd.

6. Wrongly Compos'd prov'd very unexpedient,
What other ways had made a good Ingredient,
For time and place, wherein it was imploy'd,
A Corosive of which the Patient dy'd:
The pencel of that Muse (not apt to doubt,)
An Artist took in hand, and yet was out:
In touching upon matters without fear,
Whence jealousies arise, in Natures Sphear,
Wherein it was adventur'd (Danger nigh,)
Upon a rugged Sea, rais'd storms high:
As waves did swell and beat against the shore,
Of safety fancy'd, in the Fates implore. Therefore,

7. Then he incourag'd was, fresh skill to try,
By a sure friends Advice, how to imploy
His Muse upon a subject, tho not Divine,
Yet more agreeing with the place and time,
For which occasions given are to detect
All wickedness of *Rome*, that bloody Sect,
Who Murther teach to Subjects 'gainst their Prince,
How they may easily with Oaths dispence:
How all the Laws of Nature they may break,
And yet obsolv'd, may stand for Popery's sake:
Since her call'd Mother-Church, doth this allow,
What we have undertook 's no fault I trow.

8. Advice unto the Painter how to draw,
The Effigies of the Whore, of old foresaw,
Riding upon the Scarlot Beast with Horns,
In number tenn, and heads under seven forms:
How her to draw in such a Crimson Dye,
The Saints of old so plainly did descry
To be the Scarlot whore, whose seat was waters,
Tongues, Nations, People, these her Sons and Daughters.

VVho also thus doth set on seven Hills,
Or her a City, that *Romes* will sulfils:
This we do say, is such a work and task,
That plainly doth the Bloody Quean unmask.

Draw first her Head and Face, &c. where in a while,

9 Observe the Charactor of VVoman vile,
VVho is the Strumpet, did her Bed defile:
Remarking Head, her power to Rule and sway,
Subjects in Nations fall, her doth obey:
In Face is plac'd the Glory of that form,
VVhich Nature for Ornament wears to adorn:
Ly Head and Face is meant the lustful Ram,
through growth declin'd from th' Nature of the Lamb:
VVhen she this VVoman vile, did first assume,
Mans Government and place; who did presume
Prerogative (of self) to rule and sway
The little world Man, who must obey.
Over her Head she then did Dominere,
Authority she brought to her own Sphear;
By usurpation thus procured their fall,
In her posterity, once plac'd o'r all.

Next draw her Neck and Throat, with Arms out-cast.

10. The Eye doth see, the Ear doth hear and Pallat taste,
The Nose doth smell, the Nerves do feel laid waste.
A pleasant Garden, wherein they were plac'd.
VVho once might Challenge right all VVorlds to Rule,
And then this Vaunting Harlots spirit was cool:
VVhich now being set on fire, the Tongue can tell,
Those Flames begotten from th' lowest Hell,
'Twas Tongue bespoke the place where she doth dwell.
VVhom thus inflam'd with Lust, her Head betray'd,
Man she did then inslave, and self betray'd.
In Neck observe the place prepar'd for Yoke;
The Throat an open Sepulcher bespoke.
On Shoulders born the Burthen that she Created,
To Man disarm'd oth' Bliss wherein first stated:
By Neck and Throat is meant the Roring Bull,
VVho tho sprung up from Calf, of Lust is full.

Next therefore draw her Breast, with Heart and Back;

11. Observing Twins, foreplac'd, proceed you may,
To draw from Breasts the tokens where Lust lay.
From Heart then draw the Veins, wherein Blood springs;
Then draw from Back, those spondels Marrow brings.
Observe the Crabbed jestures of the whore,
Any Cancerd quantities, Fops so adore.
Postures they are, and mannors of a Mind,
VVho unto Nature (in all) have proved unkind;
Those crooked wiles and paths found out to stear,
The way wherein all Evils do appear;
From Life proceeding, Tongue thereof doth blaze,
The Coat (her Arms) at which her Fiends doth gaze:
The Roring Lion that seeks, Men to devour,
And crabbed VVolf (in Breasts do both claim power,

The Cancers's crabbed, Lyon's Feast of Prey,
By *Cancer's* meant Night Mantion, by *Leo* Day,
To *Luna* and *Sol*, thus tracing out mans way.

Next, Draw the Bowels Reins and Loins, &c.

12. Bowels of Nature, once were form'd in her,
As tender (by Sex) Nature did will transfer
To the posterity of Mankind, that have lost,
Restrictive power o'r Lust that must be Croſt,
The Lines perverſs and crooked, ſuch is her will,
Who firſt did aim, and then her Lust fulfil.
Theſe drawn from Natures Center, by Wits skill,
Obſerving next, depraved the ſoul that Lies,
Of Bliſs bereaved twixt twain her Fate diſcries
(That ſhe Virginity hath loſt, now grown a Harlot,
Who tho a woman vile is Cloathed in Scarlot;
Her Reins being ſearcht, and Loins exactly tryed,
Balance of Juſtice ſhe could not abide:
For thereinto being put, ſhees found too Light,
Humanity departed, up goes ſpight,
But down goes Vertue buried out of ſight.

Next draw her ſecret Membrs and Thighs, &c.

6. For under that all ſecret Luſts ariſe,
And therein working, there their Nature Lies
A Scorpion lurking in the Night of Bliſs,
After whom comes the Sagitter with kiſs—
Who hides his Bow and Arrows, ſharp and keen,
Leaſt unto us below, they ſhould be ſeen;
The Scorpions Sting his Dart is made an Arrow,
Who holds the Bow of Conqueſt, reached the Marrow,
In Bone and Thigh of her, made Nature narrow)
Nature (we ſay) made narrow; who cannot extend
Thoſe Acts of good, to us, that ſhould defend
Man from the Evils Planted here below,
Which from that painted Harlot, firſt did flow:
Moſt comely Dreſs we put on parts ſo vile,
And yet unſeemly is, what doth defile,
More better parts (expreſt in *Natures* Stile.

Laſt, Draw her Legs, her Knees and wandring Feet, &c.

14. On theſe are her ſupport, where evils meet,
Who firſt the power of wrath in head did Greet,
Such Seed firſt ſowen, ſuch Fruit they may expect,
To Reap from Luſt and Envy, of that Sect;
Who gave her Body up to be defiled,
And quickly by the ſame was Man beguiled.
In ſubtilty and Craft, the Game was played,
By her, who her belov'd was thus betrayed.
That Children of wrath, brought forth, where Luſt imbraced
Contractive cauſe of wrath, Gods work defaced,
The wanton Goat and powerful water Bater,
The Fiſhes ply to work (by *Natures* Labour)
Under the pain and Curſe, of womans Crime,
Who thus above her Sphear, was apt to climb;
But to conclude as Crooked as her Feet,
So Crooked are the Paths where all this meet.

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